

*The History of*

Thou hast redeemed thy lost opinion,  
And shewde thou makest some tender of my life  
In this faire rescue thou hast brought to me.

*Prim.* O God they did me too much iniurie,  
That euer said, I harkened to your death:  
If it were so, I might haue let alone  
The insulting hand of Douglas ouer you,  
Which would haue beene as speedy in your end,  
As all the poysonous potions in the world  
And saude the trecherous labour of your sonne.

*Kin.* Make vp to Clifton, ile to S. Nicholas Gawsfey. *Exit K.*

*Enter Hotspur.*

*Hot.* If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.

*Prim.* Thou speakest, as if I would deny my name.

*Hot.* My name is Harry Percy.

*Prim.* Why then I see a very valiant rebell of that name,  
I am the Prince of Wales, and thinke not Percy.  
To share with me in glory any more:

Two stars keepe not their motion in one sphere,  
Nor can one England brooke a double raigne  
Of Harry Percy and the Prince of Wales.

*Hot.* Now shall it Harry, for the howre is come,  
To end the one of vs, and would to God  
Thy name in Armes, were now as great as mine.

*Prim.* Ile make it greater, ere I part from thee  
And all the budding honours on thy crest,  
Ile crop to make a garland for my head.

*Hot.* I can no longer brooke thy vanities.

*They fight. Enter Falstaffe.*

*Fal.* Well said Hal to it Hal. Nay, you shall find no boyes  
play here, I can tell you.

*Enter Douglas, he fighteth with Falstaffe, he falls  
downe, as if he were dead, the prince  
killeth Percy.*

*Hot.* Oh Harry, thou hast robd me of my youth  
I better brooke the losse of brittle life,  
Then those proud titles thou hast won of me.

*Henry IV.*

They wound my thoughts, w  
But thought's the slaue of life  
And time that takes suruay of  
Must haue a stop. O, I could p  
But that the earth, and cold h  
Lies on my tongue: no Percy  
And food for

*Prim.* For wormes, braue P  
Ill weau'd ambition, how mu  
When that this body did con  
A kingdome for it was too fin  
But now two paces of the vil  
Is roome enough: this earth  
Beares not aliue so stout a Ge  
If thou wert sensible of cur  
I should not make so great a  
But let my fauours hide thy r  
And euen in thy behalfe, ile  
For doing these faire rites of  
Adieu, and take thy praise w  
Thy ignomy sleepe with the  
But not remembred in thy h

*He spieeth Falstaffe.*

What, old acquaintance, cou  
Keepe in a little life? poore I  
I could haue better sparde a  
O, I should haue a heauy mi  
If I were much in loue with  
Death hath not strooke so fa  
Though many dearer, in thi  
Imbowelde will I see thee by  
Till then in bloud by noble

*Falstaffe.*

*Fal.* Imboweld? if thou im  
to powdec me, and eate me t  
to counterfeit, or that hot ter  
lot too. Counterfeit? I lie, I a  
counterfeit, for he is but the

*They*